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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, MARCH 27, 1902. NUMBER 4

I KNOW.

Under the snow, in the dark and the cold,
  A pale little sprout was humming;
Sweetly it sang, 'neath the frozen mould,
  Of the beautiful days that were coming.

'How foolish your songs,' said a lump of clay,
  'What is there, I say, to prove them?
Just look at the walls between you and the day!
  Now, have you the strength to move them?

But, under the ice and under the snow,
  The pale little sprout kept singing,
'I can not tell how; but I know, I know,
  I know what the days are bringing.

'Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
  Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadows and buds on the trees,
  And the great glad sun to love me!'

A pebble spoke next. 'You are quite absurd,'
  It said, 'with your song's insistence,
For I never heard of a tree or a bird,
  So of course there are none in existence.'

'But I know, I know,' the tendril cried,
  In beautiful sweet unreason.
'Til lo! from its prison glorified
  It burst in the glad spring season.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1902. NUMBER 4

But grows the world then old?
Nay, all things that are born of Time
Spring upwards, and expand from youth to prime,
From song-tide till the days are mute,
Green blade to ear of gold.
But not the less through the eternal round
The sleep of winter wakes in days of spring,
And not the less the bare and frozen ground
Grows lithe with blooms that burst and birds that sing.
—*Lewis Morris.*

And now it is the Rev. Granville Louther, D. D., of MacPherson, Kan., who is being tried for heresy by the Methodist Episcopal Church because he believes that there were probably other people living on the earth in the time of Adam and Eve, else how did their sons find wives. He also has some ideas concerning evolution and revelation that are distressing to the conference. Thus it is that the irresistible march of thought goes on—next!

We quote the following from a recent issue of *The Congregationalist*:

> There were many things said while Prince Henry was the guest of the city of Boston that reveal the religious current still running deep in the thoughts of our public men. President Eliot's fine tribute to Protestantism, Secretary of the Navy Long's tribute to Jesus, and to the Jews as a race, Col. T. W. Higginson's reference to the fertilizing influence of German thought on the New England transcendentalists, all were significant.

From this it seems that the notable religious utterances, called forth by the visit of Prince Henry, were made by Unitarians.

A recent writer in the Boston *Transcript* in describing the Pro-Boers of England and their labors, uses this significant language:

> Numerically one of the smallest churches in England is the Unitarian. But in proportion to its size it has probably contributed to the peace agitation a larger number of efficient workers than any other. Mention has already been made of two Unitarian ministers, Harold Rylett and P. H. Wicksteed. Similar opinions to theirs are held, and have been expressed, by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, J. Page Hopps, R. A. Armstrong and others.

Without boasting we may say that the same is true of many other lines of moral and humanitarian activity.

In an interesting sermon entitled: "The Effect of Historic Process upon the Confession of Faith," Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob, of Philadelphia, Dr. Furness' successor, remarks:

> Decrees are transmuted and lost in evolution. With a universe out of which has gone, as a devil exorcised, all thought of cataclysm, revolution or accident; with a God who is our Father, dwelling together with us in loving union and immanency in the universe, our common home; and all things unfolding in orderly sequence according to the reign of law, the very premises of the Confession, with their deductions and corollaries, with the suggestions of their thought, the aroma of their feeling, have dropped from the tree of history, like leaves that have had their day—"have had their day and ceased to be."

Bishop Quigley, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Buffalo, has made a sweeping denunciation of the social democratic party, culminating in this direction for the guidance of the clergy, whom he addresses:

> Every Catholic who stubbornly refuses to forswear and renounce the doctrines of the social democratic party shall be temporarily deprived of the benefits of the blessed sacraments and the blessings of the church.

This is surely the intrusion of the church into politics. Entirely proper from the Catholic point of view. But the question arises: How can Democracy tolerate such intrusion? How can Papacy and Democracy both prosper in the same world?

A dear friend, much esteemed by all the readers of UNITY, has just begun a course of lectures in Boston. This paragraph, from a lecture on Dante, we gladly transfer to these columns:

> Even Dante's theology is popularly much misunderstood. His hell is really a state of the soul. He places popes and cardinals in hell, and heretics in paradise. He satirizes papal infallibility. His "Monarchia" was publicly burned by the church. Italians like Foscolo and Rossetti have treated him as a Protestant radical ahead of time. His pictured hell was a small place, would not accommodate the folk damned by our Presbyterians in a decade while his heaven is the whole universe outside this earth. His God was concerned with much more than Jews and Christians. The Romans were to his mind much more the "chosen people" than the Jews. Christian and pagan traditions all run together with him. God is now called Jehovah, and now Jove. Virgil is as genuine a prophet as Isaiah, speaking equally in the person of God. He conceived the human race as a unit. And he put his conceptions into the tongue of the people—he was the first great writer to do it—instead of into Latin.

Surely it was an anarchistic remedy for anarchy that was suggested by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, on the floors of the United States Senate the other day, if the dispatches report him correctly, when he said: "I have an utter abhorrence of anarchy. I would give $1,000 to get a good shot at an anarchist!" This is fighting fire with fire with a vengeance. Mr. Hawley is much more a traitor to law than the wild nihilist bred by oppression, as a United States Senator is more favored and obligated by culture and privileges than is a Russian nihilist or Polish refugee. Let Connecticut teach its high representative to be more respectful of law. Violation breeds violation, and hatred nourishes hatred. If the Senator would find the better way let him heed the Bible injunction of overcoming evil with good.

Carroll D. Wright gave, on Feb. 22, a notable address at Smith College, and among the many notable things said by him we quote the following:

> The growing importance of woman's labor, her general equipment through technical education, her more positive dedication to the life work she chooses, the growing sentiment that an educated and skilful woman is a better and truer life companion than an ignorant and unskilful one, her appreciation of combination, and the general uplifting of the sentiment of integrity in business circles, her gradual approach to man's powers in mental work alone, her possible and probable political influence—all these combined, working along general avenues of progress and of evolution, will bring her industrial

emancipation, by which she will stand, in those callings in life for which she may be fitted, on an equality with man. As she approaches this equality her remuneration will be increased and her economic importance acknowledged.

Col. Wright admits that the growing economic independence of women may, for a time at least, tend to decrease marriages, but he finds no cause for alarm in this fact. In the end these influences will ennoble marriage and bless the home.

The voice of one as from the dead comes to us in the cry of Mrs. Joubert, the widow of the late Boer general, published in a recent issue of the New York *Sun*. She says:

Infinitely more terrible than it had been painted, and more awful than the wildest imaginations can picture is the situation at Irma Camp. The people are dying like flies of starvation, exposure and disease. It is impossible to realize the condition and the suffering of the women and children. Typhus is raging everywhere. * * *

If the war lasts another year not a woman or child will be left. The world knows this, and yet the mighty ones of the earth look on at these cruel murders—this barbarous slaughter.

How long, O how long will the civilized (!) world stand in stolid inactivity in the presence of this undisputed suffering of women and children in far-off Africa? Is this the international "courtesy" that becomes great nations? Not with powder and bayonet but with expressions of love and plain speech should the mighty protest be made. Let the heads of great governments, the ministers of justice and religion everywhere cry, "Hold!" before the very stones in the street cry out, Shame! Shame! Who should lead in this high chorus of mercy if not the great republic of the United States? Where is the government that was so ready to go to the relief of Cuban refugees in the reconcentrado camps of Spain?

Still the decrease of young men for the ministry continues. It has become alarming. Some recent figures on this important subject are painfully significant. In the seven Congregational divinity schools, in less than ten years, there has been a decline in attendance from 565 to 337, a loss of about 40 per cent. Andover has gone down from 79 to 15 and Oberlin from 80 to 30. The downward drift among the Presbyterians is even worse, the students for the ministry having dropped from 1,508 to 917; Princeton from 264 to 137; Auburn from 123 to 60; McCormick from 212 to 139. And all this in only about four years.

These facts present a problem of great and pressing importance. No adequate discussion of it has yet been entered into by any church. This decrease cannot be wholly due to the worldliness of our times; for superior young men and women respond to a great variety of calls to arduous duty in philanthropic lines. Men are not shunning the ministry because the work is difficult and the pay small. The call for men to do hard things, and to do hard things for which they are poorly paid, is one that always meets a ready response. This unattractiveness of the pulpit to superior college students is, as sometimes claimed, only to a slight degree attributable to the fact that the ministerial *deadline* comes so early in life: at forty is the popular saying. This claim points to a condition too recent, variable, and remote to explain the situation. It cannot be successfully maintained that real religion has so far vanished from human life that there is nothing more for the church to do. We are not so much more irreligious than our fathers as these figures might seem to indicate.

It is a complex problem, and many influences are at work in present society which produce the decrease above noted. Among them the following are undoubtedly the chief:

(1) The restraint of dogma. Young minds are now intolerant of creeds. They protest against intellectual bondage. Young men shun the pulpit because they feel that they cannot be free in it. The remedy is the abolition of elaborate creeds and the reorganization of the church upon more spiritual principles.

(2) The work of the church is too artificial and superficial; too remote from vital interests and too antiquated in spirit. It fails to impress vigorous men as really worth while. The church must simplify its message, unite the forces making for righteousness, and call to the world with the authority of a mighty conviction; and then, when the words shall be like winged arrows dipped in love, flying from a heart full of love and piercing other hearts to make them loving, then the best and strongest young men will crowd into the ministry.

Bill Board Profanities.

The abuse of the bill board has gone to a great length. In a majority of the cases that come under my observation, and I live in a university town where 4,000 students are gathered, the pictures advertising theatrical and other shows are, as a rule, artistically abominable and morally offensive. They abound in coarse and brutal barroom scenes, in representations of murder and theft, in figures of repulsive ugliness, and in portraitures of women in every variety of indecent positions. What criminal suggestions they put into the minds of innocent children—pictures of criminals and ruffians with dagger, pistol and poison! What fuel they add to the flames of lawless passion that burn in the untamed breasts of wayward young men—demons of the highway paraded as heroes! What distressing sensations they bring to every person who has an eye for the beautiful—exhibitions of ugliness beyond description! What a sense of shame and humiliation they create in the mind of every decent man and every modest woman—such outrageous desecrations of the sanctities of human life!

As I have watched little children standing before these profanities and taking their first lessons in vice, as I have noted the lascivious leer come to the faces of boys of the streets as they gazed long at these immoral representations of human life, as I have watched the expression of pain and shame flit across the faces of women as they hurried by, I have wondered: Are there no chivalrous husbands who care for the feelings of their wives; no considerate fathers who resent this insult heaped upon their daughters? Are there no pure minded young men to rise up and put a stop to

this brutal profanation of their sweethearts? Are there no teachers to deplore and condemn this education of their own loved pupils in the brutalities of the prize-ring and the crimes of the brothel? Where are the Christians who worship the Lord of Love and recite the Beatitude that the *pure in heart* shall see God?

In the name of innocent childhood, whose sweet purity is so publicly and powerfully corrupted and contaminated by these monstrosities; in the name of boys and girls with sensitive and imaginative natures, easily spoiled for life by sight of pictures that tend to excite whatever is sensual and brutish in them; in the name of sacred womanhood, the womanhood of our mothers, wives and daughters, rightfully stung to almost madness by these outrageous profanities of "the human form divine"; in the name of an honorable and Christian manhood that resents the publicity of vice in ways that tend to spread the filth of the dens of crime broadcast through the community; in the name of all pure and sweet lives, I call upon the guardians of morals and the makers of laws to rise up and put an end to this great evil.

What can be done? Many things and in the end effective. The education of public opinion, especially through press and pulpit. The hundred thousand ministers in the land, who stand for morality; what great things they can do if they will speak with the force of deep conviction and the authority of their sacred calling. The million Sunday-school teachers who love their children whose hearts are being soiled: Can they not make the land ring with their righteous protests? The teachers in the public schools who see their own precious influences for high character and noble citizenship lessened or destroyed by these evil picture-books of the devil: Do they not have tongues to make their condemnation heard and votes to make city officials enforce good laws or enact better ones? The hundreds of electors, wielding the mightiest scepter in the hands of the modern man: Can they not goad a dormant conscience into a wholesome sense of peril and restrain the perpetrators of these wrongs from continuance in their pictorial profanities, so hateful and so harmful?

A thoroughly aroused public sentiment, making itself felt in keeping people away from every play whose managers offend in these respects; this would put every theater owner and every theatrical company (and they are the chief offenders, though other adventurers are also guilty parties) under a powerful and corrective restraint.

One thing more is needed: An official (useless unless backed by a vigilant and rigorous public opinion) who shall have the power to decide what shall be placed upon the public bill boards of village and city. Let him protect us from the unartistic, the coarse, the immoral, the vice-breeding. May we not all add to our daily litany the petition, Give us courage to speak our mind and vote our conviction that the land may be freed from the profanities of the bill board.

J. H. Crooker.

Editorial Correspondence.

EASTER GREETINGS.

Dear Unity: I am still at Mobile, from whence I wrote my last communication. My sojourn here draws to an end. Tonight I speak under the auspices of the Jewish order of B'nai Brith of Montgomery. Friday night I speak for the Jewish congregation of Birmingham, Sunday morning next I stand in the pulpit of a Presbyterian brother in the same city. From thence I go to Vicksburg, in order to ride again along the old lines that nearly thirty-nine years ago witnessed the siege and final surrender of Vicksburg. I go there for consultation with those who are busy at work changing those wasting fortifications into the gracious features of a beautiful pleasure ground. The government of the United States is busy in conserving the land marks and perpetuating the stories of heroism on both sides in a "National Park" that will be the resort of little children and the resting place of those who are to serve in the battle lines of peace and fellowship for all time to come.

My stay in Mobile has been full of pleasing incidents and informing episodes. On Saturday night last Dr. Hillis, now the successful successor of Henry Ward Beecher, lectured here in the Y. M. C. A. course on the "Message of John Ruskin to the Twentieth Century." It was a successful rendering of that message into terms of American life and in the oratorical periods that appealed to the common people and overcame their prejudices and their bigotries. On Sunday morning I accompanied the Doctor and the Principal of the Emerson Institute, a school for the higher education of colored people, to the beautiful First Church of the African Methodist Episcopal church. It was the closing day of a great triumphant revival. It was a curious spectacular manifestation of the old religious methods of plantation days, with new-day accessories. The church building is entirely modern; a fine pipe organ skilfully played by a colored man nobly sustained an admirable colored choir. The worship was fervent, the rhetoric lurid and the responses oftentimes hot and boisterous. Converts and probationers were in evidence in large numbers. The most instructive feature of the morning came at the close, when Dr. Hillis spoke for a few minutes, and, without attempting to break or even correct the horrible theology of the local pastor, he undertook to rationalize the experience of "conversion" and to interpret their "Christianity" in terms of ethics, domestic labor, public spirit and common honesty, and the "Amens!" and 'That's so!" and "You are right!" and "Hear that!" came as thick and fast as ever, and it seemed to the present reporter with much more spontaneity and appreciation than the sulphurous threats of the "Get-aboard-quick-or-the-devil-'ll-get-you" and the "what-if-you-die-tonight" arguments of the preacher.

Here, as at Pensacola, I have found a benignant horse, the stable keeper rising to my appreciation of an "educated animal" to the high climax of permitting me to use his own thorough-bred.

Sunday afternoon I rode down the world famous

"Shell road" on that dainty footed "buckskin" mare, and it was a beautiful and serene contrast to the fervent and boisterous piety of the morning. The sunshine on the bay, the great live oaks festooned with their sombre Spanish moss, the stately pines, clambering vine and brilliant yellow jessamine, with memories of the great naval battles, Farragut and Raphael Semmes and the struggle back of them, all contributed to the religious calm and trust that was deeper than dogmas and higher than creeds, protests and schisms.

Another day a six-mile ride took me to "Afriky-Town," where I shook hands with four or five "Congo Niggers," survivors of what was probably the last cargo a slave-ship ever brought into America. It was as late as 1859 that the ship built for that purpose brought, after a voyage of three months, its naked freight of fifty-three Africans from the Congo country. They were concealed in the swamps in the neighborhood of Mobile until they were clothed in American calico and set to work on the steamships and plantations belonging to the successful ship company that plied the waters of Mobile river and its tributaries. Their servitude continued clear through to the end of the war. They did not pass from under their captors' hands until 1865, and now the survivors and their descendants form the nucleus of this negro village attached to a great lumber mill still on the estate of those "importers" of "black chattels." While I talked to my informant he pointed to a man driving by and said: "Thar goes the nephew of the man that brung us here," a man still dependent upon their labor, or the labor of their race and kind, and they are still somewhat dependent upon him for their daily sustenance. A mutual dependence, commercially harmonious and peaceful, but still resting on a social arrogance on the one hand and abject subserviency on the other.

The slave-ship was outlawed by national enactment some time back in the 30's, I think, and that this man-stealing crime should have been perpetrated against the law and the government clear up to the awful crisis indicates how deep was the malady, and shows new ground for thankfulness that those awful days are passed, a thankfulness shared by the former slave holder as sincerely as by their colored fellow-men. There is now, down here in the South-land, a social sentiment still strong of repugnance and contempt for the "Nigger Trader," and it is a pleasing tradition, if not a fact, among the descendants of these slave holders that no "Southern born" man ever was such a "trader." He bought slaves and used them, but he bargained for them and paid for them through a "speculator" who owed his birth to the North-land, not to the South.

"Aunt Zuma" bears the tribal scars on her face. She speaks English with a strange barbaric click that makes the enunciation of consonants almost impossible, but she is sufficiently developed to say fervently, "I thanks God I'm free." My colored guide through the village had one great regret when I left—that I could not have heard "Aunt Zuma" pray. He said she was "pow'fu'l in pra'er." Life in 'Africa-Town' is lowly, and, to me, very sad, though its inhabitants seemed quite happy. One of the "imported" could spell his name for me, but he said he never could learn to read, though he tried many times, but he triumphantly stated that he had eight children and every one of them could read and some could write, and they had been taught in the public schools of the state, maintained by the taxes of the state which once had upon its books a statute making it a grave offense to teach a colored man to read. Now the tax it imposes on the white man goes to maintain the school wherein his former slave is given meager opportunity to educate himself, and there is abundant evidence that the opportunity is to improve and that the colored man is availing himself of its benefits.

Another excursion carried me across the beautiful Bay of Mobile to "Fairhope," the one and only "Single Tax Colony" in the world. Here a company organized under an Iowa charter controls a tract of land of 2,500 acres or more, which is divided up, leased and taxed according to the principles of Henry George. The eight years of its life at least goes to prove that it works to the satisfaction of those forming its community of some fifty families. They are harmonious, happy, and, it is claimed, making money. At least making a comfortable living. The village is delightfully situated on high bluffs, the highest south of the New Jersey coast, it is said, in the midst of the stately pine and glorious magnolias. It has its public library, its school and kindergarten and at least two church organizations, and there is the light of an ideal, the joy of which purpose is manifest.

A stroll along the wharves of Mobile impresses one with the thought that commercial America is slowly and surely changing front. Here, as at Pensacola, ships from all parts of the world are in evidence. A great Liverpool steamer is taking on its cargo of cotton that will represent a half-million of property when full. Next to it is a banana ship from Central America, transferring with curious dexterity its green bunches of fruit into the freight cars of the Louisville & Nashville and the Mobile & Ohio railroads. This fruit will ripen in transit, change color and become edible by the time it reaches the northern purchasers in early fall.

The great river ways of the Mississippi valley lead to the Gulf and the great wealth of coal, iron and lumber of the Southern states is being developed for foreign markets. It will soon pass through these Alabama seaports in enormous volumes. The Isthmian canal is a very tangible asset in the expectations of this port and its neighboring gulf towns. A great future is promised for Alabama. Its light sands, discouraging to the northern farmers' eyes, are said to give honest return to the fertilizer and its benignant sun makes three crops a year possible.

Beyond and above all commercial assets, this country is destined to be the great sanitarium of the northern Mississippi valley. Here the damage done by the ruthless northwesters of the Dakotas, Minnesota and Iowa is retrieved and repaired. People who come down here with the doom of death hanging over them take on a new lease of life and become "captains of industry,"

organizers of commerce and lovers of the beautiful South-land that is kissed by the waters of the Gulf. The interchange of life, thought and feeling incident to this migration will evolve a new type of the American. He will be more gentle, open-minded and progressive than is possible to either section taken separately. Northern energy is softened and sweetened by Southern geniality and leisure and Southern provincialism, conservatism and exclusiveness is first annoyed, then amused and at last ameliorated and corrected by contact with their restless and traveling fellow citizens from the North. Whether they come just for the month of March, like the present writer, or come to stay, like so many he has met, they both receive and give manifold benefits. However imperceptible the impress, they are contributing to the coming American, who will be, by right of birth, a conscious citizen of the world, a friend of man, a worshiper at the shrine of universal religion.

The Chicago newspapers have just brought me news of the death of John R. Effinger, the gentle, generous, loyal brother. My acquaintance with him is co-extensive with my ministerial life. He was a man born into the ministry of love and reconciliation. He sought ever to understand and to interpret rather than to misunderstand and misinterpret both friend and foe—but he had no foes, he was incapable of warfare, a messenger of peace was John Effinger. His memory will be enshrined in peaceful memories and holy associations in the hearts of countless friends whose lives he touched during a long ministry of thirty-five or more years.

This letter will appear in the Easter number of UNITY, and the senior editor sends his annual greeting to its readers for this far off land of sunshine.

The Easter of dogma and "Society" bring little pleasure to the writer. The "Easter bonnet," the new dress and the conventional burst into social dissipation that is to follow the nominal retirement of Lent has in it the minimum of religion and the maximum of indulgent materialism. But away above and beyond it are the hearts that have been adorned with grace and love, lives that have been refined by sorrow, bodies that have been pinched with want and hunger who will rejoice with the lengthening days of the flower-opening spring. The season of planting must ever be the season of hope, the goddess of sunshine must ever preach the gospel of the deathless life in this larger Easter of nature; the sacred Easter of history, the proven Easter of science and philosophy will forever be found the Easter of the larger hope, the Easter of religion which bids us look forward, to go forward, to spurn the narrow paths in the interests of a brighter, a holier future. Life is ever *becoming*, religion is ever in the present tense,

GOD WAS, IS AND EVER WILL BE, WORLD WITHOUT END.

J. Ll. J.

I see not but that my road to heaven lieth through this very valley.—*John Bunyan.*

The Congress of Religion at De Funiak Springs, Fla.

The ninth local session of the Congress of Religion convened in De Funiak Springs is just brought to a close. It is fitting that the warm and genial atmosphere of the southland should welcome the warm and genial spirit of fellowship that pervades the Congress and never did orthodox and liberal feel more at home than under the auspices, so to speak, of the Southern Chautauqua.

De Funiak Springs is in western Florida and not too easy of access under best conditions, but the storms and floods of the east and north were doing their worst, hence many old familiar faces were missing. But those who came will not soon forget those days of communion and fellowship and inspiration when heaven and earth seemed more at one and God and man and God in man supreme.

The opening sermon was given Sunday evening, March 9, by the President, Dr. H. W. Thomas, on the "Philosophy of Freedom." It was an analysis of the principles of imperialism and democracy in both state and church, basing the two forms of government upon the two definitions of man, man as a son of God or man as an educated animal. If an animal merely, however capable of development he is, he must be under the government of another, a subject in a nation, a dependent in a church. Royalty and priesthood are his rulers. But if he is the son of God, as we believe, with divine attributes, infinitely less but like unto the Father, no king shall frame his laws, no priest shall be his mediator. His government is self-imposed, his religion that of the free. In the church this life found expression in the Reformation, in the state in democracy. It was a convincing presentation of the status of the free man in church and state, of the aims of a republic, and the rights of religion, a fervent plea for the larger life and freedom of the people, for the God side of humanity and nobler ideals in state and church. And not a few who listened thought of a republic based on the divine rights of man, now waging a war of conquest against the divine rights of man, and then as companion piece arose that other spectre of today, that nightmare of civilization on the plains of Africa.

By request at the Round Table Monday morning this topic was continued. It was led by Dr. Thomas, all contributing thought to the discussion. Perhaps no subject would bring more health to our republic at this hour than a conscientious study of the history and growth of this idea through the centuries past.

In the afternoon Miss Mary M. Bartelme, Public Guardian of Dependent Children, of Cook Co., Ill., gave an interesting talk on "What one state is doing for its children." She told of the long efforts of some good people of Chicago to separate before the law the young offender from the old criminal, and finally was brought forth the juvenile court, presided over by a kind, fatherly spirit, more father than judge, who gave the children advice, encouraged them in the right, trusted them to do better, trusted the parents to look after them, and sought out the most efficient probation officers, and so helped to reform large numbers by putting them on their good behavior. From this Christly work have sprung the Parental Home for truants and the State Home for Delinquent Boys. People from many states were present and all were interested in this work. Many questions were asked and many took part in the discussion that followed. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, while commending these institutions, deplored the institutional idea and plead for the "boarding out" in homes of these small offenders rather than "placing out" in institutions.

In the evening the congregation joined in the Lord's prayer, after which Dr. Henry, mayor of the town,

gave a hearty welcome to the Congress for the citizens of De Funiak, and Hon. Wallace Bruce spoke cheery words for the Chautauqua. The president replied, giving something of the spirit of the Congress, of the aim of those who formed it and of gratitude to the Chautauqua for its courtesy in bringing it to so beautiful a place. The lecture of the evening was given by the secretary Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on the "Parliament of Religion and What Next?" It was a brilliant portrayal of the Parliament when all races and all religions joined hands under the same sky looking upward to the same all-father and realizing all were brothers. And what shall follow this glad union? What does it mean to man? It means that henceforth a juster estimate will be placed on the beliefs of others, a more gentle consideration of their convictions, that prejudices will wane with knowledge and in the years to come to the grounds to be sought will be universal; essentials will be exalted, agreements will be emphasized, differences ignored, then will be the triumphant hour when humanity shall be baptized in a newness of sympathy and love.

Tuesday morning opened bright and beautiful. The little lake nestled in its setting of pine and persimmons like a diamond, the auditorium stands by its side, so close the rills almost lap its feet, and with this harmony without and Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert presiding within, any congress would be interesting. She spoke on "The Prophecy of Unity in Variety" and plead for the higher estimate of and emphasis upon all powers, gifts, beliefs, all labor, all art, music, science—these parts of the great whole, a diversity rounding out the perfect and the broader religious life of the future would reckon with and embrace them all. The afternoon was devoted to one phase of broader life, indicated in the morning hour, "Industrial Art as the Religion of Democracy." Mrs. Marguerite Warren Springer, general organizer of the National League of Industrial Art, reading the opening paper. The League, of which she is the exponent, is striving to bring to the work-a-day world the practical application of labor ennobled, exalted by the beautiful, embodying the philosophy of Ruskin and Carlyle, the life-work of Wm. Morris, and the example and prophecy of Tolstoy. It was an hour when the kindergarten, manual training in the schools, domestic science, and industrial art brought hand and head and heart in harmony for the higher service of man and God.

Rev. F. V. Hawley, of Louisville, Ky., gave the lecture of the evening on "Fellowship." He is a man with a message. It burns on his lips. Discriminating in definition, wonderfully broad and strong in appeal, deeply earnest and sympathetic, it made a profound impression on the audience, a practical interpretation and application of the very heart of Christianity. The listener caught a new meaning in "brotherhood," for he who spoke the word had lived it. Believing in all and the good in all, at one time he joined an organization of prisoners in a penitentiary, walked with them, talked with them, ate with them, and found under every striped jacket a warm heart yearning for sympathy and love, his brother.

> "What tho' he grovel at my feet,
> Spurned by the rabble of the street,
> He is a man, my brother.
> What tho' he sit in royal state,
> And for an empire legislate,
> He's but a man, my brother."

Wednesday is the regular weekly holiday of the Chautauqua. Only the devotional hour is observed, and by request Dr. Jones led that hour. Later the delegates found their way across the lake to the winter home of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, where a few delightful long-to-be-remembered hours were passed. There was dinner, but there was more, there was fellowship, stories told, notes compared, news dispensed and hope and faith and sympathy and love were more abundant because of this communion. The evening closed with the usual reception at the Hotel Chautauqua.

NOTES.

Great regret was expressed over the enforced absence of Rev. J. H. Rondthaler, of Chicago, who had his berth engaged, but was unavoidably delayed, and Rabbi Enelow, of St. Louis, whose unexpected duties kept him at home, and Rev. E. P. Powell, of the New York *Independent*, who started from his home in New York, but found, with bridges gone and tracks submerged he could not ride upon the wind and waves, even to a Congress of Religion.

The Chautauqua Assembly, attended by people of all parts, seems an ideal place to hold a Congress, and some day, when its mission is better understood, there will be many invitations awaiting.

The Chautauqua choir, led by Prof. and Mrs. Peters, rendered valuable service, as also the Rodgers band, Miss Harbert, harpist, and several soloists.

Among Chicago people who took part in discussions from the floor were Dr. John F. Eberhart, Mr. Sidwell of the Board of Trade and Mrs. Dr. Thomas.

The Congress extends its hearty thanks to Hon. Wallace Bruce, president of the Chautauqua, by whose invitation and courtesy and co-operation the Congress was enabled to come to Florida.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Immortality.

Man is an infinite little copy of God; that is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life; I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.—*Victor Hugo.*

The Bluebird.

> When God had made a host of them,
> One little flower still lacked a stem
> To hold the blossom blue;
> So into it he breathed a song,
> And suddenly, with petals strong
> As wings, away it flew.

—*John Banister Tabb.*

Notes on Miracles.

The debate respecting miracles still distracts the religious world. The doubt and discussion at this point simply show that the scientific revelations respecting the Universe have not yet been fully assimilated by the Christian church. To the scientist mysteries deepen and multiply, but "miracles" completely vanish as unrealities.

The miraculous is, however, no longer a problem to those who have revised their religious thinking and brought it up to date. To those who believe that they live in a lawless universe, whose God jumps in and out of nature, such events as miracles seem unreasonable, and they find no difficulty in accepting ancient and modern accounts of supremely unnatural occurrences. But when the modern conception of uniformly operating forces in a realm of order begins to take hold of a human mind—when a man begins to realize that discovery implies law and that a rational universe implies uniformity of causation—then the problem begins. The question presses for an answer: How can the Biblical stories be fitted into a universe that is under a reign of law: the basic assumption of science, without which investigation would be useless and real discovery impossible?

Religion will stumble at this point and waste its energies (How great and unfortunate this waste even at present!) until it accepts the actual universe and adjusts its teachings to the facts. It must have faith that God resides and presides in these facts.

There are many indications that the religious world is making progress toward the elimination of miracles from its "problems." Prof. Pearson spoke his mind on this subject fearlessly but somewhat bitterly. His brother Methodists have not followed him out into the real universe to share the gladness of a piety that lays hold of a God who is too evident to need such prodigies to reveal him and too sublimely supreme to indulge in such trivialities as most miracles are. But Prof. Pearson indicates a line of progress along which all Methodists must sooner or later move.

Two eminent Congregational divines in England have recently completed their religious reconstruction upon the basis of modern knowledge, and they have boldly announced that they have a Christian faith that makes no use of miracles; and they tell us that this new faith seems greatly superior to their old belief.

One of the most significant signs of the times is an editorial in the *Congregationalist,* which appeared last summer. In it the admissions are made that miracles have become a burden rather than a help to religion, that the Old Testament miracles have been generally set aside by intelligent Christians, that doubts increase respecting the New Testament miracles; and that many are inclined to explain them away or give them all up except the *resurrection of Jesus.* And the editorial goes so far as to state that few councils would now refuse to ordain an evidently pious young man even though he might have serious doubts about the bodily resurrection of Jesus. Surely the currents of religious thought move swiftly.

Several things become clearer and clearer as the years pass. Biblical scholarship, in showing us the origin and character of the Gospels, makes it plain that these documents afford no real evidence for miracles. They are precious memorials of Jesus, produced by the early church to report his life and perpetuate his spirit. For this purpose they are invaluable. Modern criticism makes this spiritual use of them more and more easy and fruitful.

The Gospels are not storehouses of infallible texts. They are vastly better: They reveal and convey the character and spirit of a sublime personality. The marvels which they record are not miracles in the modern sense. The people of that time did not understand the reign of law or the order of nature. They made no distinction between natural and supernatural. However wonderful an event may have seemed to them, they did not think of it as a violation of the natural order. In that atmosphere a real miracle would have had no special value as evidence of divinity, for all things seemed wonderful.

The marvelous stories in the Gospels are true to the intellectual conditions of the period in which they were produced. A nucleus of fact lies at the heart of them, just what, in some cases, we cannot tell; but whatever it was, it was purely natural. Of course, a transcendent character like Jesus would, in the environment then existing, exert a curative effect upon persons sick in body and mind. The play of tradition, the influence of Old Testament predictions, the enrichment due to the oral method of transmission—these and other influences fully explain all the marvels reported in the Gospels.

The time has come when the subject of miracles needs a humorist rather than a logician. Laughter is the best remedy for many of our absurdities. When a Chicago divine tries to make the story of the Hebrews in the fiery furnace credible by arguing that God turned their clothing into *asbestos,* nobody but a humorist can do anything with him. When another minister ventures to explain the story of Jonah and the fish, by contending that God made it possible for the prophet to live three days in the stomach of the sea-monster by preparing a special whale with a large compartment of compressed oxygen, who can answer such a fool in his folly but a witty satirist? And when still another clergy man suggests that what really happened, when Moses smote the rock and water burst forth, was this: God had so timed the incident that when the Lawgiver raised his arm an unsuspected and long dormant geyser burst into eruption like Old Faithful in the Yellowstone Park; when such things are said, common sense can only protect the sanity of mankind by resorting to good natured ridicule.

A few arguments linger that possibly need more serious treatment than ridicule. Dr. Withrow, of Boston, recently entered into an elaborate argument for miracles and in his summary declared: We may confidently believe *in their probability!* Probability? What a sandy foundation that is to build upon. Nothing but a mere *perhaps* on which to rest one's religious life. After God had gone so far as to break in upon the natural order and make a special effort, it is disappointing to have as the result only a "probability." Surely miracles are not worth much as evidence if this is as far as they will carry us.

These miraculous witnesses for religion cause us more trouble than religion itself. No one doubts the Golden Rlue; it is only the supernatural prop used to support it that occasions suspicion. No one needs a supernatural multiplication table. Why a religion buttressed by miracles that are only *probable?* Harnack, in his great work recently issued in English, "What is Christianity?" reminds us that the evidence for the bodily resurrection of Jesus, used to confirm faith in a future life, is much weaker than the evidence for immortality itself! Miracles that leave us in the shadows of "probability," the best that Dr. Withrow can claim, reflect little honor upon God and confer no benefit upon man.

Dr. Donald of Trinity church, Boston, has recently been telling hundreds of university students the relation of miracles to church membership. His chief plea was in brief this: "Whatever your attitude to miracles—and it is a confusing subject, he admits—

do not let your doubts keep you out of the church. Never mind, if you cannot believe miracles, come right into the church and read the prayer book heartily." This may be very satisfactory as an indication of theological dissolution, but it is not a model of clear thinking or wise advice. It does, however, make one thing plain: The church is so hard pressed in these days that it will allow people to come in on their own terms.

But is the policy quite honest? One cannot read five pages in the prayerbook without coming across the assumption and the assertion of stupendous miracles. Does Dr. Donald really mean that if you doubt or deny these things it is perfectly proper to read these things just as though you do believe them? Has a minister, the teacher of morality, a right to urge a person who disbelieves in miracles, to participate in the daily assertion of miracles in which he does not believe? A belief in a thousand incredible marvels, if honest, is not so harmful as this passive duplicity would be—to use no harsher term.

An editorial in *The Outlook,* in 1899, contained this statement: "By a miracle we understand a phenomenon which *at the time* transcends the range of human knowledge to explain and power to produce." This has seemed to many a perfectly satisfactory solution of the vexations problem. What then is a miracle? Just simply a natural event which at the time is inexplicable. Just what a phonograph would be to the savages in darkest Africa. How perfectly lovely this explanation is—so simple and so satisfactory!

But somehow it does not wear well. When a man learns how to make a phonograph he is able to repeat the process and make another. But when Moses brought the plagues upon the Egyptians the secret seems to have died with him! Moreover, when a phonograph is put in our hands, at that very time there is a man in the world with knowledge to explain and power to reproduce it, but when Elijah by prayer called down fire from heaven there was no one to explain the process. The analogy goes to pieces.

And the explanation breaks down where it is most needed. It says: It is an event which *at the time* is beyond human knowledge and power. But does this fit the case of the stopping of the sun and moon by Joshua? Certainly *at the time* inexplicable. Will the editor of *The Outlook* dare to assert what his argument implies and demands, that the day will come when we shall understand how Joshua did this and repeat the miracle at our pleasure? How nice that would be! Running out and prolonging daylight to make it easier to finish up the Boers and the Filipinos!

Inexplicable *at the time.* No doubt about that. Take the case of the miraculous feeding of the vast multitudes on a few loaves and fishes, and more left than they had at first! But, according to the editor of *The Outlook,* transcending human knowledge and power only *at that time.* Does anyone, however, believe that the time will ever come when the secret of that transaction will be understood and we shall be able to conduct banquets and dinner parties on that principle? Can anything more ridiculous be imagined? Yes, there is one case still more absurd. That is Balaam's Ass that spoke. Surely that was a miraculous event *at the time* beyond humank nowledge and human power. And yet, if miracles are really the simple things described by *The Outlook,* the time is not far distant when asses will be speaking English and giving instruction in horsemanship to their riders! How very beautiful all this will be! Miracles are certainly very interesting—and impossible—in the light of this great luminary of the New Orthodoxy! The future archæologist who may stumble upon the editorial in *The Outlook* will wonder whether he has before him a specimen of American humor or some product from the dark literary workshop of a mediæval monk!

But seriously: Two propositions become clearer and clearer as time passes: (1) In dealing with reports of extraordinary events that are apparently violations of the natural order, even more extraordinary evidence is needed. Evidence sufficient to prove that whales have been seen off Cape Cod would not be sufficient to prove that angels had been seen walking on the waves of the sea. The evidence must increase geometrically as the event becomes apparently supernatural. None of the accounts of so-called miracles meet this requirement.

(2) As just indicated, the whole problem is one of evidence. But when sufficient evidence has been produced to prove the reality of a certain event, what then? As Professor Huxley said, when that is done we simply enlarge our conception of nature and conclude: This is a part of the natural order. Just this we are constantly doing. The X-ray is a notable instance in this line.

The rejection of miracles to-day is not due to irreligion or immorality. It is due to a clearer appreciation of the imperfect character of human testimony, to a fuller knowledge of the nature of the documents which contain these accounts, and to an enlarged and intimate acquaintance with the real Universe. The miracles reported seem unworthy of God. They are not helps but hindrances to piety. They bring discord into our religious thinking and divert our attention from the real sources of reverence. They cheapen the Universe; they impede the progress of discovery; they keep men from the religious uses of science, making them poor in the midst of spiritual riches; and they turn the soul back to dead traditions when it ought to appropriate the living God.

Ministers confront scientists with the statement: "It is unreasonable for you to reject miracles because they are mysterious and you cannot understand them. You accept the mysteries of the test-tube and the microscope that you cannot explain." But the scientists do not reject miracles because they are mysterious; they are not mysterious enough. The veil is too thin; we can see right through them! These ministers misunderstand the true situation. Scientists are not inhospitable to mysteries; they are simply intolerant of mere marvels and monstrosities. There is a world of difference between a mysterious process in a crystal or organism that can be watched and handled and is linked in scores of ways with the known universe and a distant prodigy, reported by uncritical witnesses and conveyed by vague tradition, beyond the reach of observation or experiment, and in opposition to every known law of nature.

Let us all take confidence and face the day-spring that now dawns. Let all timid souls and frightened hearts put away their fears and realize that nothing sacred has been destroyed and nothing precious is in danger on account of the growing indifference to miracles. The virtues of religion and the sanctities of life are not dependent upon the Biblical accounts of miracles. Let us accept the Universe as we discover it. Let us build our altar for the worship of the living God out of the facts of modern discovery rather than upon the reports of ancient tradition.

The prophetic pleas for righteousness, the psalms of loving kindness, the Beatitudes of Jesus, the Golden Rule and the Royal Law of Love, Paul's immortal song in praise of Charity, the transcendent spiritual beauty and nobility of Jesus' life, the consciousness of a Fatherhood that embraces us all and the hope of Eternal Life that cheers and comforts us all—these are the real Body of Divinity that is imminent, native,

inherent, human. This belongs to man as the child of God by nature.

These essential principles of religion need no marvels to vouch for their divinity or enhance their beauty. That they are natural and belong to man as man is their only and sufficient authority. When all trust in miracles has vanished, then our loving confidence in Him who filleth all in all, as Law, Truth, Life and Love, will be supreme.

J. H. CROOKER.

Cometh a Blessing.

I never trod a spot so bare
  Where living nature blessed the sod,
But some small flower, half-hidden there,
  Exhaled the fragrant breath of God.

I never knew a day so drear,
  But on its leaden sky was hung
Some shadow of a rainbow clear,
  From vanished joy in farewell flung.

I never sat where silence kept
  My soul from loving friends afar
But angel-wings the ether swept
  Between me and the evening star.

—*Julia Noyes Stickney.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXIV.

Making the Ark and the Tabernacle.

All this time, while they had been wandering around there in the wilderness until they came to Mount Sinai, they had nothing with them which in some way should make them think always of the Lord Over All. They were positively sure that it was he who had brought them out of Egypt and led them into the Wilderness. Now at last, after they had received those two tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments, they felt that they must do something to show their willingness to obey. Moses felt they ought to have something built for the purpose which the people might carry around with them, always reminding them of the Great Ruler. And I will tell you what was done.

Moses decided to make an "ark;" not the kind that Noah made, but a sort of small box or trunk, as you might think of it, made in a beautiful way from the nicest kind of wood. It was overlaid with pure gold, within and without, and it had two gold rings on each side. It was made of acacia wood, and must have been something very striking to look at. We hear so much about this ark in the history of the Children of Israel that you may like to know just the words we are told that the Ruler of the World used, when he instructed Moses how to make it.

This is what he said: "And thou shalt make an ark of acacia wood; two cubits and a half shall be the length of it and a cubit and a half shall the breadth thereof be, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, within and without, and shalt make upon it a crown of gold round about. And thou shalt cast four rings of gold for it and shalt put them in the four feet threeof, and two rings shall be on the one side and two rings shall be on the other side. And thou shalt make two staves of acacia wood and overlay them with gold, and thou shalt put the staves into the rings that the ark may be borne by them, and the staves shall not be taken from it."

Then, when the ark had been made according to instructions, what do you suppose Moses did with it? Why, he put into it those two tables of stone on which the Ten Commandments were written. We would be sure for this reason that the Israelites would care a great deal about this ark, now that it held those two precious tables of stone. Then besides this ark, Moses felt that there ought to be a sort of Sanctuary or a kind of temple made, where the ark should remain and which should be looked upon as belonging to the Lord. This is the same idea I told you about when Adam and Eve built an altar after they had been cast out of Eden. And along with this sanctuary or temple, there was to be an altar on which offerings might be made by the people.

Now Moses felt that his tabernacle or sanctuary or temple should be made of everything most precious, and so he called upon the people, asking them to make an offering. The Ruler of the World had told them to do this, saying: "Thou shalt make for me an offering, every man whose heart maketh him willing, and this offering which thou shalt take from them shall be of gold and silver and brass, and blue and purple and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair and rams' skins dyed red, and acacia wood; and oil for the light and spices for the oil; and onyx stones and stones to be set. And out of all these things, let them make me a sanctuary."

And so they set to work to make this sanctuary. But you see it could not be like a church or a temple such as we should think of nowadays, because it could not be kept in one place. The Israelites were wandering round about there in the Wilderness, and they would have to carry this ark or sanctuary with them. Hence they kept it in a tent, because, you see, they had to live in tents in those days. These tents would be carried with them, and the one containing the ark would be the church.

When all this was done, of course the people were pleased. They felt that now they had something with them which should always remind them of their Great Ruler, and how good he had been to them in bringing them up out of the land of Egypt and setting them free from their slavery. We are told besides, that a beautiful cloud used to rest right over the tent where the ark and the tabernacle were placed. When the people were not journeying, but staying in one place, then the cloud would rest quietly over the tent; and when the time came for the people to go in their travels, the cloud would rise, we are told, and go before them, and they would follow it from place to place. It is also stated that in the night time this cloud assumed the appearance of a beautiful light or fire; and so sometimes we talk nowadays about the "pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night," which was supposed to go before the Children of Israel and show them the way.

All this happened a long, long while ago, just how long I do not know. But we know that the Children of Israel went wandering all around there in the Wilderness, waiting impatiently for the day when they might cross the River Jordan and enter the Promised Land.

TO THE TEACHER: The important significance of this lesson is to fix in the memory of the children the words "Ark" and "Pillar of Cloud," because these terms have been important in all the literature of Christendom. The children must remember what such terms stand for and how they arose. Something could be said of the right spirit with which the people brought of their "best," with which to make the "Ark" and to decorate it. If deemed advisable, this and the following chapter could be treated as one lesson.

Our Supreme Aspiration.

I.—NEW CHRISTIANITY.

The Unitarian strives to represent and embody in personal character and civic institution the new Christianity which is rising all about us and which is the simple but mighty gospel of Jesus, enriched by science and democracy, enforced by the philanthropic impulse, and operated through the educational method. It puts character-building above creed-making, deeds of love above dogmas of wrath, service above sacrament, obedience to moral law above belief in theological statements. It makes the Golden Rule central. It uses the Sermon on the Mount rather than the Nicene creed as the chart of life. It appeals to love instead of fear. It encourages growth and discovery rather than conformity of opinion. It pleads for brotherhood and co-operation. It insists on freedom. It uses the Bible, not to make a creed, but to enrich the life.

The new Christianity finds the service of God in helpfulness to man, the way to heaven in the path of righteousness, the sure salvation in perfected manhood, the only authority in love and reason, an adequate basis of religious organization in a common purpose to be good, and to do good; all truth its scripture, all men its field and fellowship, all loving souls its saints and ministers, a kingdom of heaven for all on earth its ideal and aspiration.

II.—UNITARIAN CHURCH.

We strive to make the Unitarian church the efficient agent and organic expression of the new Christianity. We pour into its worship the warmth and gladness of an impassioned love for God, the Father of all. We keep our hymns and prayers free from selfish importunity, offensive exhortation, and doctrinal discussion. We make them the simple but earnest outpouring of trustful hearts, wholly intent on personal communion with our Creator. We would shun the trivial speech and flippant spirit that destroy true reverence. We would be free from the mournful tone and affected gravity that spread gloom without bringing solemnity. We would cultivate the dignity and the enthusiasm of a saintly but joyous piety. We would make our worship so catholic, so tender, so vital, that all, of whatever theological opinion, may feel themselves at "the east window of divine surprise." Then tears shall cease, burdens shall fall, and the ecstasy of pure devotion shall fill the soul.

In the pulpit of this church stands a teacher of sacred things to speak with absolute sincerity, with perfect freedom, and with forceful conviction. He will affirm more than he will deny, using most often words of comfort and of cheer. The pulpit is a watchtower from which he scans the outer heavens and reports all discoveries that bear upon conduct. To it he fetches out of the depths of his heart, and applies to others for constraint and inspiration, all the spiritual and spiritualizing truths of his own experience. He uses all facts so far as he can make them into a gospel. He is a teacher, but a teacher of right living, not intent on making converts to a creed, but anxious only that his message carry repentance to sinners, hope to the sad, and comfort to the suffering, as well as joy and inspiration to the strong and courageous. He administers the spirit of Jesus to enrich and ennoble human life. He tells that wonderful story to make men strong, pure, forgiving and loving. He uses the Bible to make powerful in human affairs its great lesson of righteousness—the righteousness of the heart—that brings peace.

We insist that the church is a precious and paramount institution, because human nature is essentially religious. Religion is not only an important part of life, it is a part that needs wise and careful training. Therefore, those who neglect the church neglect what is highest in themselves and most useful to civilization. Indifference to religious nurture and church service is indifference to our humanity proper. The great spiritual gifts and graces, to cultivate which is the task of the church, are no more likely to spring up in us spontaneously than the mastery of a musical instrument or the command of a foreign tongue. If we are to gather the harvest, we must plant the seed and cultivate the soil.

We cannot have the beauty and serenity of life in home and neighborhood that are bound up with the Sabbath, unless we maintain the religious uses of this day of rest. And we make the best use of Sunday only when we use it to expand what is best within us, and spend its hours in a manner radically different than we do the other days of the week. We cannot possess and preserve the great moral and spiritual convictions and enthusiasms which make for peace and righteousness, unless we loyally support this institution—the church—created for the development of the religious life and consecrated to the service of the highest and noblest interests of the human race.

The neglect of the religious training of children is not only an injury to them but a sin against civilization. We are under a heavier obligation to give our children the best religion that we have found than we are to have them correctly taught in music or mathematics.

III.—THE REAL UNITARIAN.

Out of this church, alive with various educational and philanthropic activities, all imbued with the religious purpose and devoted to religious ends, we strive to send forth into the world to be a part of its best life the real Unitarian, a man who demands freedom for himself and grants the same liberty to his neighbor; who bestows his love broadly regardless of sect, fellowships all seekers for the truth, and labors for man on account of his need rather than his creed; who follows reason as the authority for truth and conscience as the guide to conduct, allowing no text or tradition to blind the eye or enslave the heart, and always striving to be wiser today than yesterday and better tomorrow than today.

The real Unitarian is one who believes that it is diviner to do a deed of love than to subscribe to any form of doctrine; who holds that religion is spiritual worship, personal righteousness and helpful service; and who learns from Jesus to be forgiving, merciful and useful.

The real Unitarian is one who sees the universe under a law that is love, finds nature interwoven with Fatherhood, and beholds God immanent in all souls; who traces the divine revelation in all discoveries of truth; and who has faith that Providence embraces humanity, and that all wanderers will some day find their way home to the Infinite Goodness.

And these great root-truths and imperial sentiments, so widely shared in varying measures by others, being no monopoly of ours, will help us all to march forward through life, serene under abuse, patient in disappointments, heroic in danger, victorious in temptation, helpful with love and cheerful with hope in our little corner, feeling that the dear God is our Father, and that beyond the grave lies in immortal light and blessedness the household of our affections.—*From "The Unitarian Church, Its History and Characteristics." A Statement by Joseph Henry Crooker.*

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning. * * * Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened.—*Emerson.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Seed Song.

Little brown seed,
O little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily,
Close to each other,
And wait for the song of the lark!

Little brown seed,
O little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy,
All white, like my mother,
Do be a poppy like me!

What? You'll be a sunflower!
How I shall miss you
When you've grown golden and high;
But I shall send
All the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother—good-bye!

Notes.

Rev. Dr. James Bixby gives us another book, "The New World and the New Thought." It is based on the evolution hypothesis, which he stops occasionally to defend. This is hardly needed, as no intelligent man now remains who doubts the hypothesis. I like very much his chapter on "The Validity of Our Religious Instincts." The sum of the chapter is in the words of Heine, "We are not great, and our happiness is that we can believe in something greater and better." But is not that in itself greatness? I am inclined to say with another, "Mankind cannot think too highly of man." Another admirable chapter is "Evolution and Christianity." He also discusses, in a very timely way, "The Old Testament as Literature," "Modern Dogmatism" and "Christian Discipleship in Modern Life." I could quote fine passages and crisp ones all along. For instance: "Let the attention of the churches be directed to their higher ends, not to their lower, mechanical and administrative detail." "The spread and knowledge of scientific and spiritual truth tends to religious unity." "In our smaller villages, certainly, steps ought to be taken, either for the direct union of the many poverty-stricken chapels, or else their dissolution and reconstruction on some basis that will provide for freedom and fellowship." This suggestion is already being put in practice, and there are signs that it is a catching reform. The reconstruction of town schools is likely to restore the town church, and there are signs that these two will be practically one in the not distant future. God speed the day!

"A Book of Secrets, with Studies in the Art of Self-Control," by Horatio W. Dresser; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. This little book lets out a lot of secrets. For instance: "A husband will pass a book by without reading it, because it was his wife who recommended it. A wife will consult a stranger when she needs advice on a difficult point." "We insist that others should accept our truth, and accept it now, forgetting that truth is such only when proved by individual experience." "The day is coming when no man will be called a Christian unless he lives for humanity, as Jesus did." "Encourage men to work in the soil. Do everything to keep them in the country and out of the great cities. Let us make nature the home of democracy. Open the blinds and let a little warmth in. This is the era of democracy, of returning faith in Jesus as our elder brother." Dresser's words are noble and inspiring—not every time the broadest. All in all, he is one of the best preachers we have. Yet I cannot but feel that this sort of preaching, good as it is, must go with a good deal of saw, and jackplane, and plow, and rolling pin, and other simple ways of doing common duty, or it will lead the reader into too much introspection.

"Windbreaks, Hedges and Shelters" is a small volume from the pen of the author of these notes. It tells a good deal about how to create a beautiful country home. That is what the world is looking after now, and it is the best sign of the times. Get out into the country in the middle of the landscape, and live with the bees, the birds and the flowers. The author says: "If you spend less on dust-holding carpets and curtains and more in beautiful grounds, you will live longer and more happily. A real home grows more than happens, and there will always be present a sense of rest and repose. The difficulty with many so-called homes is that everything is on edge all the while. I smell sweat whenever I see one. A man who builds a house without a room in it except for work and sleep has made exactly the same blunder as he who plants his acres for nothing but work and food. It is an old law that *man* cannot live by bread alone, whatever a four-legged animal may do." "Home wraps one around as clothes wrap a sensible person. They are put on for comfort and good taste, not to exploit wealth. Gardens, trees, hedges, orchards, buildings say plainly, I am not rich, but I am *at home*." The special object of the book is to show how to create cozy places, with beautiful rest and recreation; how to tempt the birds to live with us, and how to make the children happy. It is published by Orange Judd Company, of New York. Price, 50 cents, or send to the author at Clinton, N. Y.

One of the really great books of the day is "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," by James Bryce, so well known as author of "The American Commonwealth." Published by the Oxford University Press, Fifth avenue, New York. This volume contains a collection of essays on great legal and social questions, such as a comparison of the Roman and British empires, of Roman and English law, of flexible and rigid constitutions, of centripetal and centrifugal forces, of Alexander Hamilton and De Tocqueville, a discussion of the Australian Commonwealth, and of two South African constitutions, the nature of sovereignty, the relations of law and religion, legal development, marriage and divorce, as well as his inaugural and valedictory addresses before the University of Oxford. To say that this book is invaluable for scholars is to say a trite thing. It ranks with the magnificent work of Sir Henry Maine. The research is even wider than the studies of that eminent scholar. It covers, in fact, the whole world. I think that just now the discussion of South African constitutions and of the Australian development of law will be particularly interesting. His discussion of marriage and divorce in the United States should be carefully studied. It is a question that is going to be of supreme importance in the reconstruction of town and family life. "The causes for which divorce may be granted range downward from the strictness of such a conservative State as New York, where conjugal infidelity is the sole cause recognized for an absolute dissolution of the marriage bond, to the laxity of Washington, where the court may divorce for any cause deemed by it sufficient, and when it shall be satisfied that the parties can no longer live together." He criticises keenly the extreme laxity of procedure which has grown up in our courts on this question. It is a volume packed full of solid scholarship, every line of which is interesting as well as valuable.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. One of the joy of Easter morn,
One the hope within us born!

MON. From all brave endeavor
Springeth good forever.

TUES. Now, as of old, in holy plight
The Christ of larger faith is born.

WEDS. The stars keep watch above our way
However dark the night.

THURS. O, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine.

FRI. To each winter a spring
God will surely bring.

SAT. Before us lie the hills, sunlit with promise,
New growths of soul, new leadings of the Spirit,
And all the glad surprises God will show.

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

Easter.

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary day and Easter day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart.

No hint or whisper stirred the air
To tell what joy should be;
The poor disciples grieving there,
Nor help nor hope could see.
Yet all the while, the glad, near sun
Made ready its swift dart,
And Calvary day and Easter day,
The darkest day and brightest day,
Were just one day apart.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

A Sunshine Bag.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

There was joy in the King's Daughters' circle, joy in the schoolroom, joy in the home, because the doctors had said that the young lad who was a general favorite had passed the crisis and would live. Pneumonia is a hard master, and there were coming long days of weakness before he could join his comrades. Nobody was allowed to see him, and everybody wanted to express their pleasure and do something to relieve the long, dull hours of convalescence.

It was a Daughter of the King who breathed the magic words, "Let's send him a sunshine bag!" On the wings of love the message flew and the bundles began to pour in, until at their next meeting it was a well filled table around which the King's Daughters gathered. Each bundle was numbered the day of the month upon which it was to be opened. There was a package for nearly every day in those dreary winter months, January and February. In most cases the name of the giver was attached. The lad's cheeks were pale and his hands lay listless in his lap as he sat in the big chair when the huge bag was placed beside him, and as its contents were explained to him his eyes grew bright, and, touched by the loving thought of his friends, a tear shone in the mother's eyes, if not in those of the young man.

How the days began to brighten! What wonders that bag contained, and how truly it cast sunshine into that sick chamber! In good time strength came back and he was able to walk out. Still the bag was not empty. Books, an album containing some photographs, pocketbook, letters containing some money, art gallery portfolios, little keepsakes from the schoolmates, tooth powder, perfumery, writing material, stamps, magazines and a beautiful silk umbrella from several high school boys. I cannot begin to tell one-half the good things that bag contained. Every day the boy's heart was touched, and he would say, as the name of some one came to view on the package assigned for that particular day, "How good everybody is to me! How can I ever repay them?" Then the King's Daughter beside him would whisper, "Keep a sunshine bag always with you and scatter the sunbeams so freely wherever you go that all who come near you will feel the warmth and cheer."

SARAH M. BAILEY.

When I Was a Boy.

Grandmother's Sunday lap was not so nice as her other ones to lie in. Her Monday lap, for instance, was soft and gray, and there were no texts to disturb your revery. But Grandmother would stop her knitting to pinch your cheek and say, "You don't love Grandmother."

"Yes, I do."

"How much?"

"More'n tonguecantell. What is a tonguecantell, Grandmother?"

And while she was telling you she would be poking the tip of her finger into the soft of your jacket so that you doubled up suddenly, with your knees to your chin; and while you guarded your ribs, a funny spider would crawl down the back of your neck.

"Don't, Grandmother; you tickle." And Grandmother would pause, breathless as yourself, and say, "*Oh*, my!"

"Now you must do it some more, Grandmother," you would urge, but she would shake her head at you and go back to her knitting again.

"Grandmother's tired," she would say.

You were tired too, so you lay with your head on her shoulder, sucking your thumb. To and fro Grandmother rocked you, to and fro, while the kitten played with the ball of yarn on the floor. The afternoon sunshine fell warmly through the open window. Bees and butterflies hovered in the honeysuckles. Birds were singing. Your mind went a-wandering—out through the yard and the front gate and across the road.—*Roy Rolfe Gilson, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Universal Honesty.

Simple honesty is one of the striking characteristics of the people of Newfoundland—that piety and honesty which accompany an austere religion. Doors are not locked; property lies exposed everywhere; no watch is kept on the fish when they lie drying on the flakes. No man takes advantage of his neighbor; no man quarrels with his brother; no man appeals to the law; nobody is arrested.

"If you leave these lying here," said the writer to a man of Birchy Bay, pointing to a magnificent set of caribou antlers, "you'll lose them. These can be sold, you know."

"And who'd take them, sure?" said Jonathan.

"Well, I might."

"But that would be stealing!" he exclaimed.

"But you would never know that I was the thief."

"Suppose," said he, cunningly, "that I went round asking people if they took 'un. Suppose I comes t' you an' says, 'Did you take 'un?' What could you do? I'd have you then, sure."

"Oh, that's simple. I'd say no."

"Oh!" he cried in horror. "But that would be a lie!"

—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—The *Advertiser*, of this place, under date of March 21, says:

"A large audience composed of the most literary and cultivated people of Montgomery, had the great pleasure of listening to the lecture on "Les Miserables," Hugo's marvelous masterpiece, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. From the clear, forceful talk of Mr. Jones a distinctively new conception of the great heart and soul of Hugo was gained by the audience. From the roar of guns and the fanatical howls of the revolutionists during that lurid, gory drama in the streets of unhappy Paris to peaceful scenes of domestic happiness the word pictures of Hugo were brought out with startling distinctness under the marvelous tints and dashes of color infused by the matchless art of Mr. Jones."

This morning Mr. Jones leaves for Birmingham, where he goes in deference to the urgent wishes of the people of that city, who, having heard him a year ago, want to hear him again.

He has delivered lectures in various Southern cities, more recently in De Funiak Springs and Mobile. He has been in attendance at the Congress of Religions at De Funiak Springs, Fla.

Foreign Notes.

CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE.—Rev. J. B. Corneloup, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, now editor of the paper *Le Prêtre Converti*, and director of the work for and among priests who have left the Roman Catholic church, expresses himself thus in regard to the present conditions in France, according to a correspondent of *Le Signal de Genève*:

The work for ex-priests was undertaken not at all in an aggressive spirit for the sake of drawing as many priests as possible away from the Roman Catholic church in France, but simply to meet the needs of priests who had lost the catholic faith and were honestly seeking for help to escape from their false position. While to the outsider the Roman Catholic church in France seems a formidable power commanding a well-organized army, in reality this church is steadily losing ground.

So far as its attitude to catholicism is concerned, the population of France may be divided into three classes: aggressive free-thinkers who are abandoning the Catholic church, and all religious belief, in ever-increasing numbers; the indifferent, who to a very large extent keep up for themselves or their families the external observances of catholicism; and, finally, the zealous defenders of the church as a reactionary authority. This latter class includes a small number of sincerely religius souls and a very large number of individuals more clerical than fundamentally and truly catholic. But for this third element and the considerable efforts made to keep the masses in the Roman church by means of church schools and material assistance given to the poor, catholicism in France would be in a still more precarious situation than it is.

French Catholics, furthermore, do not conceal from themselves the crisis that their religion is passing through, for they themselves admit the decline of faith under the superstitious practices common among the people, particularly in the country and in the south of France. Statistics show that in Paris to-day 25 per cent. of the children born to Catholics are no longer baptized; that 24 per cent. of the marriages are contracted without any religious benediction, and that 25 per cent. of the funeral services are purely civil.

Internally as well the Catholic church is shaken. She has had to endure successively, within herself, the revolutionary efforts of Gallicanism preceding the nineteenth century, those of such liberals as Gratry, Dupanloup and Montalembert. Finally, having reduced these adversaries to silence by its infallibility, the papacy found itself called on to combat and condemn the champions of Americanism, who had timidly claimed for the priest some liberty of method in regard to matters of discipline and dogma. After the convention of priests held at Rheims, which excited so much feeling as an indication of this independence of French priests in regard to episcopal authority, the convention at Bourges called to consider means of bringing modern society back to Jesus Christ, in other words, to the Roman Catholic church, resulted in the formation of a party known as Christian democrats. This party was set the impossible task of showing democracy what it can still accept or retain of catholicism. One section of the French clergy recommends a return to the writings of the New Testament, but these exegetes claim to observe in their interpretation of the Scriptures the narrow rules laid down by the Catholic church, which really deprives this new reform movement of all significance.

It is just at this point in the Catholic stronghold that the mine is quietly but surely pushed forward, which soon or late will blow it up entirely. The priests, whom attentive reading and meditation on the Scriptures are even now leading day by day often at the price of long and always painful struggles, to quit, for conscience sake, the church whose dogmas they can no longer preach—these priests are the prey of free thought, exposed to an almost complete and hopeless material and spiritual abandonment unless they find in their way some brother to extend a helping hand and point them to the lighthouse, which, if it does not directly save the storm-tossed mariner, does indicate the whereabouts of the port of evangelistic truth. Many of these priests, converted to protestantism, which seems to them the nearest approach to ideal Christianity, are doing a work of evangelization in the most catholic departments of France . . . to which the people give day by day more numerous evidences of sympathy.

But this work among the priests can only exert its influence on the clergy and people of France, and accomplish its saving mission if protestant Christians of every nationality give it their hearty interest and active support. Not all the ex-priests helped by the organization which Mr. Corneloup directs are occupied as evangelists; quite a portion of them turn to some secular career. M. E. H.

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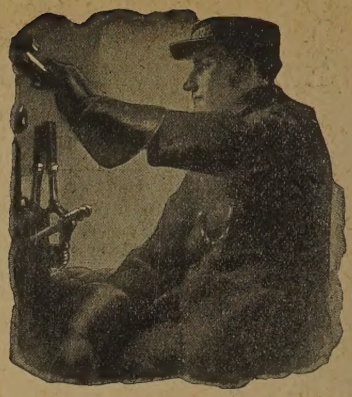

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